THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.—

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THE PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE HALF-YEARLY IN ADVANCE...NO PAPER WILL BE SENT OUT OF THE CITY, WITHOUT PREVIOUS PAYMENT, OR SURETY IN TOWN.

In every work regard the writer's end,
Since none can compass more than they intend;
And if the means be just, the conduct true,
Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due. POPE.

AFTER an absence, which has been protracted much longer than was at first intended, EDWARD EASY again resumes his editorial labours, and takes the Companion under his direction. He acknowledges that he feels much gratified in the possession of his accustomed seat in the Easy Chair.—He has been in the habit of considering his readers and correspondents as his familiar acquaintances, with whom he found pleasure in conversing; and he entertains a belief that they feel for him a similar attachment.

A year has now elapsed since the publication of the first number of the Companion; the great object of which was to afford an opportunity to those who have literary abilities or inclinations to indulge them, and to encourage a propensity to write, by giving a ready publicity to such essays of the youth of our city as should be judged fit to meet the publick eye. It was hoped that by this mean a spirit of emulation might be roused, and the character of Baltimore, in the literary world, in some measure retrieved. This avowed object of publishing the Companion seems to have been either mistaken or forgot by many of our readers, who make it a criterion to judge of the merit of the Companion by comparing it with the *Port Folio*.—But as the plan and object of the two publications are so very different, such a rule of judging is certainly inapplicable. The Port Folio is edited by a gentleman of the first literary abilities and most correct classical taste, who devotes his whole time and attention to that sole object, and is ably assisted by men of genius and talents in all parts of the United States; the intention is to make it an elegant, critical and classical paper, to which character it is eminently entitled. In the attempt of the editor of the Companion to induce and encourage the exertion of talents, he considered it more important to insert the productions of others than his own, and for the same reason he has preferred the insertion of original essays, to extracts of much superior merit, from other works, to which his readers had the same opportunity of resorting as himself—his object therefore was different, and when the place of publication is considered, not less meritorious, and he flatters himself not altogether unsuccessful.

Fond of his ease, the Editor never intended to dedicate his whole time to the Companion, or to make it a matter of business; as an occasional amusement for a leisure hour, he wished to assist in promoting the establishment of a literary paper: and he has had the pleasure to find the undertaking approved of, and aided by some of his most valued friends: so far it has been successful beyond his hopes. The continued increase of subscribers and correspondents gives him the fullest confidence that THE COMPANION will be supported, and that it will have the intended effect.

But it is not the literary taste alone of the city that may be improved and benefited by such a publication; some of the more publick and fashionable vices have already begun to shrink from the scrutinizing examination of the Companion. Its publication therefore will be attended with a beneficial effect on publick morals: for the Editor and his assistants will always claim the right of exposing vice and folly to merited ridicule and contempt.

With the aid of his associates of the *Easy Club*, MR. EASY will chearfully commence the second volume, confident of support, as every respectable citizen is equally interested with himself in the success of a publication, from which the Editor derives no emolument, and whose ob-

ject is of more real importance to thousands of others in this city than it can possibly be to him.

The same rigid formality will not be observed in the arrangement of the matter for the second, that prevailed through this volume; as it is not thought necessary to adhere to the former plan of placing a long serious essay first in every number. Mr. Easy will hereafter make it his study to provide such variety, and so arrange the essays, as to deserve the appellation of a more lively Companion. Yet he will not so far descend from the dignity of a moralist, as to indulge at all times in the light amusements of a numerous crowd of triflers, who are pleased to condemn him as a dull Companion.

THE PEDESTRIAN—No. V.

Once more, DEMOCRITUS, *arise on earth,*
With cheerful wisdom and instructive mirth.
See motley life in modern trappings dress'd,
And feed with varied fools th' eternal jest.

DR. JOHNSON.

I must ask the favour of Mr. Easy to be permitted to talk a little about myself—and I know not any one of our great family who has not indulged more or less in this practice. The Spectator frequently spoke, of, and even prophecied concerning his future fame. Though imitation may be deemed rather "*servile,*" yet, (as every position has been taken by my celebrated forefathers) I would be proud to be pronounced worthy of imitating ADDISON or JOHNSON, SWIFT or STERNE. Mr. Easy being acknowledged the rightful head of that branch of the PERIODICAL FAMILY which has settled in this part of America, the Pedestrian is fully satisfied with the privileges of a younger brother.

In pursuing my rambles thus far I have very much pleased myself—and I believe afforded some little amusement for many well-disposed persons, who have proved themselves qualified to partake of the *pleasures* of *imagination.* I have not intentionally offended any one who deserved our friendship—indeed I can safely say I have not made an enemy, except in one case, and then no one would have deserved the high honours which are bestowed upon our family had he remained silent. I have nevertheless been grossly insulted in some companies, and have received several abusive notes, from persons determined to go all lengths in support of foolish Fashion, and their own more than foolish inclinations. The following extract from one of the letters which I have received as acknowledgements of my merit, deserves my thanks. It is in the hand writing of a Lady, who appears to have paid particular attention to the story of Susan S. in the 42d, 43d, and 46th, numbers of the Companion. She feels for the wrongs, and melts with tenderness over the partial frailties, of woman. After a few prefatory remarks, wherein the fair critick kindly compliments the Pedestrian for a story, which she presumes the offspring of his own invention, she thus continues:

'As to the story of SUSAN, I agree with the Pedestrian 'exactly. I was afraid she was to be seduced, and trem-'bled at the thought. It requires a nice hand to make 'an history of seduction fit to be read. Some may not 'like the suicide; but as we were taught from the begin-'ning to believe it must end badly, I felt relieved at the 'manner. I would rather hear tell of Albert shooting 'himself, and Susan going crazy, *ten* times over, than a 'fall *worse than death* or loss of intellect to *one* unfortu-'nate sister: though, "Frailty, thy name is Woman,"— 'O the pity!——I have seen the fall in this place of a 'single woman older than myself, that has wrung my 'heart with anguish. Her family respectable—herself 'heretofore respected;—but alas! she has fallen—fallen to 'rise no more. Her seducer stalks the streets in triumph— 'saluted by the gay—visited by the grave—and his heart 'dwelling in tranquility; whilst she is banished from the 'sight of her family, slighted by her former associates, 'and assailed by the unceasing reproaches of her own 'conscience.'

I believe, with this fair writer, that stories of this kind are not often drawn with sufficient regard to the amiable modesty of the female reader. Besides, *had* the Pedestrian made that tale, to which you gave publicity, he would have told it very much as the writer has done; for though I am willing to acknowledge that a civilized Barbarian, possessed of uncommon address and perfidy, may here and there find a woman weak enough for his purpose, yet I have too high a sense of the virtue and dignity of women in general to think of looking to this source for a subject for moral declamation. At the same time I believe you would join me, Mr. Easy, in assuring my correspondent, that should she furnish a proper history of the *fall* which she mentions, it shall be published early in the second volume.

As I said before—which reminds me of a tedious orator whom I once heard harrangue a company into the gapes; and who with no small difficulty escaped with whole bones from the rostrum; for a mischievous fellow present who had been yawning and scratching his head until his patience was exhausted, rose up hastily at about the fortieth repetition of the above expression, swearing th

speaker should be mobbed if he said it again—adding that any part of a discourse, the whole of which was without either wit or instruction so often repeated, was intolerable. He muttered something about *Sancho's swing*—the orator must have been acquainted with blanket-tossing, for at this he ceased to speak. And I would here lay down the pen, could I think my audience impatient; but as I hope they are willing to hear me out, I will have my say.

As I before observed, I have received several abusive notes, accusing me of having impertinently attempted to ridicule characters—that I have endeavoured to excite laughter at the expence of "certain individuals, who are much more useful in society than myself," &c. &c.—— but on the other hand, I have frequently heard a very different account of my merits, from those whose opinions I have ever considered of more importance, because they are generally such as are fully acquainted not only with the beauties and useful tendency of judicious satire, when aimed at vice and folly through the medium of a style and manner which, while they pull down, forget not to build up. While the Pedestrian, say these, declaims against the viciousness, or laughs heartily at the folly of those around him, he at the same time is studious of pleasing as much as possible by the *manner* of his lecture: So that although he rebukes his guests for every impropriety committed in his house, yet his familiar conversation and the respectful simplicity of his demeanour, at the same time convince the accused that the accuser is their social, ingenuous *friend*, and not a pompous, pedantick, and austere *dictator*.

> "Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci,
> "Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo."

So say my very good friends. I feel proud of their friendship—and my future conduct shall evince my desire to preserve it—say I.

But I must be permitted, during the winter season to change my *rambling ground* from the fields and woods to the parlour and bar-room;—from the interior of the country, where "NATURE wantons in her gayest mood," and displays her grandeur beyond the reach of corrupting ART, to the interior of private and publick houses, where this same Nature hobbles along, wounded by the vice, or entrameled and disguised by the folly too often attendant on polished society.

Yes—as yet generally attendant on highly civilized communities.

I have heard Leander describe a high pitch, to which, he says, society may yet arrive, that would seem almost to constitute "a paradise below." Gigantick as this undertaking (with a plan of which he may, in some future number, furnish you,) may appear, he has almost convinced me of its practicability.

I never pronounce this long rough-sounding word, that I dont think immediately of DR. JOHNSON. Prac-ti-ca-bi-li-ty—yes, I see the Doctor, with my mind's eye—folio in hand—with *obumbrated* brow, stationed behind the cragged points of this castle-of-a-word, practicability. The Doctor may be a favourite of yours, Mr. Easy, so I say nothing disrespectful of him—but as I always think of him when by accident (for it is never design) I pronounce a hard word, I feel anxious to get out of his company.—Your servant, Doctor, "down to the ground."

—Bless me!—how glad I am, that I have arrived again in the company of you, my free and *easy* friends, familiars, and *equals*.—*You* will not *knock me down* if I should unfortunately advance a disagreeable or an erroneous opinion; but, like my friend and other half Leander, impute the error of judgment to some noble cause, like the universal love, which burns within himself, and almost deifies the man.

The world has said—and who dare demur to what "THEY" (i. e. the world) says!—

That, says Leander, is a nondescript Scoundrel, who raises more false reports, and fabricates more scandal, than any one society of men, however learned, however virtuous, can counteract. If it is whispered that such-a-one's affairs are desperately situated, or that such a lady has not been so prudent as a virtuous woman should be—and you ask who says so?—your informant, with an unconcerned countenance, replies, "They" say so; the people, or the world, say so. Now I do insist, continues Leander, as he grew warm in the cause, that this THEY lies, and ought not to be believed.

Softly, Leander, says I—this unknown (or rather *well* known) personage, who you call THEY, must be in nature, somewhere—and with every other thing in nature, is constituted of good and bad properties, or parts. For instance, as I was about to say to Mr Easy, just now, when you rather uncourteously interrupted me—

"They" says that you, Mr. Easy, have lectured and preached very finely, and many times very learnedly, (but generally *too gravely*) for a whole year—that you have effected some good, and afforded some innocent amusement—and that, for the literary honour and moral and scientifick improvement of Baltimore, and adjacent towns, you ought to be, and will be, further encouraged in your honourable labours through the second volume.

Amen, say I.—

Amen, Amen! repeated Leander, as he clapped his hands together, and leaping excessively with joy, his head, in contradiction to the powers of gravitation, smote with such violence the high ceiling of our chamber, that he fell at full length along the carpet—

I knew he was not much hurt—so I laughed heartily at this curious freak of dame Nature. It was certainly the sudden impulse of. . . . . .

LEANDER'S NATURAL FEELINGS

which threw him up with joy—and it was also Nature, (acting up to Sir Isaac Newton's system of *attraction and repulsion*) who without sophistry, brought him down again. . . . . .

To conclude—Leander and myself have determined to exert every nerve, and give all our aid, if you will set apart one page for us. We may some weeks neglect you—but in other numbers, if you please, we will furnish you with abundant information. We can ramble into the Theatre—into the Coffee-House—to the assemblies—In short, wherever VICE is found, the Pedestrian will endeavour to chastise her—wherever FOLLY appears impudently conspicuous, he will raise the laugh against her. His satire may offend the incorrigibly wicked, and he may incur the displeasure of the absurdly silly—but

"The man whose mind, on virtue bent,
Pursues some greatly good intent,
With undiverted aim—
Serene beholds the angry crowd;
Nor can their clamours fierce and loud
His stubborn honour tame."

Sir, you will please to inform the Pedestrian in your next, whether his assistance in the winter would be acceptable.

RARIO.

A SCOTTISH TALE.

(Continued from page 404.)

The extraordinary sublimity of the prospect I had already contemplated, having raised my soul to an unusual pitch of enthusiasm, I proceeded forwards, as rapidly as my little beast could carry me, to explore the hidden beauties of the romantic scenes before me.

I had continued to ascend for upwards of a mile, through projecting rocks, hanging woods, and small cascades; till looking over a low wall (which seemed to defend the traveller from the tremendous precipice that rose over the lake) I found myself elevated some hundred feet above the level of the water, and from this distinguished eminence I had once more the delight to contemplate the exquisite scene, now rendered singularly beautiful and interesting, by having a most brilliant and perfect rainbow, arched over from the north to the south shore of the lake, appearing like an enchanted bridge, built by fairy hands.

The thoughts that are inspired in contemplative minds, by scenes such as these, are indescribably lofty and sublime, and are far more delightful to the enthusiastic imagination than can be the influence of any works of art, however mighty & comprehensive they may be. When I am admitted, as it were, into the deep and teeming womb of Nature, and when reposing upon her glowing bosom I am shut out from the cankering cares of this world, placed beyond the reach of her follies and her vices; it is then, and then alone, that I rejoice in my existence, there I can humble myself before the Deity, and adore Him in his mightiest works without being shackled, controled, and degraded, by any of the infernal laws of mankind.

Eager to reach General's Hut, from which I was to procure a guide, to conduct me to the celebrated Falls of Foyers, I staid not long to enjoy the rich views by which I was at present surrounded, being afraid to delay time, lest I should not be able to reach Fort-Augustus that night, which was many miles distant, and there was no other place upon the road where I could gain a night's lodging.

I began now to experience the effects of a misfortune I had not anticipated. The man of whom I had purchased the poor brute, that bore me and my luggage, had imposed upon me, for that humble companion of my toils, suddenly began to shew very evident marks of disapprobation at the roughness of our road; which, indeed, to an animal perfectly sound would not have been very pleasant, as in many places it became almost inaccessible, on account of the many loose fragments of rock, and large heaps of stones, which had been washed down by the late heavy rains, from the high mountains that rose immediately from the side of the road. On account of the frequency of these sturdy obstacles, and the increasing lameness of my poney, I was obliged to dismount almost every ten minutes, in order to lead her over them.

She limped onwards with great pain and difficulty, to my no small dismay, for setting aside the compassion I felt for her sufferings, I began to fear that I should be compelled to leave her behind me, to drag out a miserable existence in that wild country, and be myself under the disagreeable necessity of peregrinating a long journey on foot, ere I should be able to meet with a conveyance for my baggage. For here I have found no traveller's rest;

no habitation of joy or comfort for the stranger to be refreshed at; no bourne for the repose of the wearied pilgrim; nor any good Samaritan to aid the wanderer in the hour of his sickness or death; but here Nature seems to dwell alone in her wildest grace.

I had already passed a few miserable huts that were scattered upon the declivities of the mountains. These lonely habitations were chiefly composed of a black kind of peat, which gave them a very forlorn appearance, that was much increased by having no chimney's erected for the evacuation of the smoke, which in most of the poor Scotch hamlets, remains in the apartment, until it obtains vent at the door or windows. Some of the inhabitants, indeed, have the wisdom to leave a hole in the roof of their wretched cabins, in order to allow a free vent to the smoke; but others affirm that they wish it to remain in their apartment, because they say it imparts some degree of warmth during the severity of their winters. When I entered one of these mean dwellings I was nearly suffocated by the smoke, while the inhabitants appeared to be not in the least incommoded by it, so wonderful are the effects of custom.

At every step I now took, the country grew more and more impressive. The rocks became more enlarged, rugged, and abrupt; while the woods, as if more anxious to hide their haggard nakedness, and effectually screen it from the view, became more luxurient.

The road becoming somewhat more even and level, I was enabled to reach General's Hut, by one o'clock, to the no small gratification of my beast.

This small inn derives its name from the circumstance of the Duke of Cumberland having ordered an hut to be erected on this spot, for his accommodation during the memorable rebellion of 1745. Its situation is singularly beautiful and romantic, commanding one of the grandest views I ever beheld.

It stands about one third of the way up the steep of an immense rugged mountain, whose base is washed by the murmuring waters of the Loch-Ness, and whose awful summit appears to overtop the clouds. The precipice of this mountain is every where covered by thick woods of birch, whose tints, during autumn, are peculiarly rich and beautiful. The present inhabitants of the hut, had, by dint of great labour, cleared a small patch of ground, just above the house, which then served both as garden and farm. It could boast of a few potatoes, some small sheaves of corn, and herbage for a little black cow, at whose teats an *Herculean* wench was vehemently tugging when I arrived.

At the sight of a being so wholly different, in every respect, from those she had been accustomed to see, she started from her stool, and stood aghast; but in this sudden revolution she upset her milk-pail, and overthrew its contents, which were irretrievably lost, and wholly regardless of this event, she placed her arms a kimbo, and in one steady vacant stare, eyed me from top to toe.

So profound, indeed, was the apathy of this wench, that all the shouts of mine host, (who had by this time sallied out of the hut) could not arouse her. It was his desire that she should act the part of an ostler and take care of my beastie; and as he found that words were of no avail, he took the liberty "*of lending his loving wife a loundering lick.*" This manœuvre, as might be expected, had the desired effect; and she conducted my poney to a wretched hovel that stood hard by, while mine host led the way to an apartment of his house, into which I was shewn.

I now found myself in a small room, whose floor, walls, and ceiling, were severally composed of a brown mud. One chair, and one table, were all its furniture; and the light made its way through a small window, from which I looked down upon a most delightful prospect. Over the opposite shore of the lake, a grand amphitheatre of rocks and mountains, piled on each other as far as the eye could reach, rose a sublime spectacle to the heavens; and the sun-beams striking upon the snow that capt their towering summits, rendered the dazzling whiteness of a beautiful contrast to the deep blue of the sky.

Here the lake appeared to be scarcely two miles broad, and its placid surface exhibited a glowing reflection of the opposite scenery, which was only occasionally disturbed by the appearance of a solitary sea-fowl, upon the watch for its prey.

I made an hasty meal of potatoes, butter, and salt, (being the only provision even money could procure) and sat out, with my guide, for the Fall of Foyers, which was not more than a mile distant.

The road we pursued continued to ascend, without interruption, through thicksets and woods of birch, whose elegant branches being suspended over the road formed a delightful avenue that extended all the way to the celebrated cataract I was upon the eve of beholding. As we drew near, the loud roaring of the fall began to be heard, & echoed from all the neighbouring recesses of the rocks. My expectation was raised to the utmost pitch by the extraordinary grandeur of all the surrounding scenery, and when my guide directed me to look through a fissure which appeared by the side of the road, I beheld a scene that words can but faintly pourtray.

(To be continued.)

CHARACTERS.

It has been remarked by some of the ablest judges of human nature, character, and caprice, that England is the only nation in the world where truly original portraits of whim and humour can be found. In France, every man is a *petit maitre* and a *beau garcon* by profession ; fashion and dress are his study, and however vacant his head, his heels have every possible attention paid to them, as not a mirror in a coffee-house throughout Paris, can fail testifying, where he practises his cabrioles every time he enters. His amours stamp the finishing of his character, and whether real or imaginary, they are always very numerous. The Spaniard, as a Don of the house of Castile, or any other of celebrity, thinks every thing beneath him, that is inconsistent with the dignity of his family ; and though literally almost starving, would eat his black bread and garlick, rather than submit by industry to gain an easy livelihood His wife must, however, be as chaste as Dian. The Dutch have constantly the main chance in view, which they invariably pursue, and *Mynheer* would think a moment fruitlessly lost in pulling out his watch to tell a stranger the hour, unless he thougt it might conduce to striking a bargain.

These are national sketches that all travellers of observation make ; but in this country we have characters & caricatures of every cast and complexion. We have our fops and puppies; orators without rhetoric or action, which, we are emphatically told by the Stagyrite,constitutes all eloquence; actors whose voices are perpetual monotony ; physicians who never read Galen or Hippocrates ; surgeons who never made an incision with a lancet; and statesmen who fancy party is politics, and politics party.

There are, besides these, many characters of superior as well as inferior ranks. From amongst these I shall select a well known caricature, whom I shall call Peter Plumb.

He is now verging upon seventy, and has never yet spent a superfluous shilling, and in the course of fifty years trade, of a very advantageous kind : he never gave a dinner to a friend, or a glass of wine to a visitor : he knew, at least thought he knew, the value of money, and the proper application of it—which according to his system was placing it in the funds to accumulate, and lend it upon usurious interest. From this contour of Peter Plumb's portrait, the reader will readily suggest, that he was not guilty of generous actions, or that he ever forgot the old adage, " Charity begins at home."

The art of living as well as dying are studies that few men make any proficiency in, on this side of the grave.—The happy medium is seldom discovered, or at least pursued ; the generality of the world are generally spendthrifts or misers. Those of the first description, often die in a goal, after having run through a good fortune, despised by those who ruined them, and laughed at by all the world. The miser hoards and hoards, not allowing himself the necessaries, much less the conveniences of life, till he has amassed a large fortune, at a period of life, when if he would, he could not enjoy it. All his passions are blunted, all his corporeal powers exhausted, and all ideas of felicity are vanished. But the pleasing reflection of being possessed of a hundred thousand pounds, supplies all the want of powers, inclination, and abilities; and the emaciated wretch in counting his ill-gotten pelf derives that felicity, which nothing on earth besides can confer.

But I have not yet done with Peter Plumb, whose sole ambition, vanity, and glory is to die worth a hundred and fifty thousand pounds ; the greater part of which he is already in possession of. However, he does not mean to leave his fortune to any of his relations, but to charitable donations, that his name may be repeatedly introduced in the newspapers, and that his posthumous charities may be handed down to the latest posterity. In order to prevent any of his relations forming the least expectancy by his death, he has quarrelled with them all, under some pretext or other. The last time he conversed with his nephew, whom he has since cut off with a shilling, the following dialogue, almost literally, took place.

Jack Sprightly and Peter Plumb.

Jack. I am astonished, uncle, considering the immense property you possess, you should live, or rather starve, in such a miserable manner.

Peter. You blockhead, what signifies what a man lives worth—Let me die worth two hundred thousand pounds, and I shall be completely happy. Jack, I pronounce you are such a profligate rascal you will never die worth a farthing.

Jack. No, very likely ; but I am resolved to live all the days, aye and nights of my life.

Peter. But what will they say of you in the papers ? Such a day died John Sprightly, without a single unit added to your name.

Jack. What shall I care for that—I shall be equally satisfied, as I never yet heard there was one packet established for conveying the papers across the Styx, or any other navigable channel that communicated with the other world.

Peter. You always was an extravagant, obstinate,im-

pertinent blockhead, *(aside)* and so I am resolved to punish you by cutting you off with a shilling.

These are portraits of living characters and some of your readers may, probably, recognize their features in these sketches. DEPICTOR.

A PICTURE OF TRUE POLITENESS.

BY THE LATE MISS TALBOT.

Politeness is the just medium between form and rudeness. It is the consequence of a benevolent nature, which shews itself to general acquaintance in an obliging, unconstrained civility, as it does, to more particular ones, in distinguished acts of kindness. This good-nature must be directed by a justness of sense, and a quickness of discernment, that knows how to use every opportunity of exercising it, and to proportion the instances of it to every character and situation. It is a restraint laid by reason and benevolence upon every irregularity of the temper, which, in obedience to them, is forced to accommodate itself even to the fantastic laws which custom and fashion have established, if by that means it can procure, in any degree, the satisfaction or good opinion of any part of mankind: thus, paying an obliging deference to their judgment, so far as it is not inconsistent with the higher obligations of virtue and religion.

This must be accompanied with an elegance of taste, and a delicacy observant of the least trifles, which tend to please or to oblige: and though its foundation must be rooted in the heart, it can scarce be perfected without a complete knowledge of the world.

In society it is the medium that blends all different tempers into the most pleasing harmony, while it imposes silence on the loquacious, and inclines the most reserved to furnish their share of the conversation. It represses the ambition of shining alone, and increases the desire of being mutually agreeable.——It takes off the edge of raillery, and gives delicacy to wit. It preserves a proper subordination amongst all ranks of people, and reconciles a perfect ease with the most exact propriety.

To superiors it appears in a respectful freedom; no greatness can awe it into servility, and no intimacy can sink it into a regardless familiarity.

To inferiors it shews itself in an unassuming good nature. Its aim is to raise them to you, not to let you down to them. It at once maintains the dignity of your station, and expresses the good of your heart.

To equals, it is every thing that is charming; it studies their inclinations, prevents their desires, attends to every little exactness of behaviour, and all the time appears perfectly disengaged and careless.

Such, and so amiable is true politeness; by people of wrong heads and unworthy hearts disgraced in its two extremes, and, by the generality of mankind, confined within the narrow bounds of mere good-breeding, which, in truth, is only one instance of it.

LITERARY NOTICE.

COLE & HEWES, of this city, are preparing to publish, in one large octavo volume, a collection of the *Annual Epistles* from the Yearly Meeting of FRIENDS in London. It will contain the whole of those valuable and highly esteemed papers down to the present year.

This undertaking has been strongly recommended by some of the most respectable and weighty members of the Society—and there is no doubt but it will be well received by them generally. It is expected the work will be completed in a few months from the present time.

The English wits not only laugh at us, but make us laugh at ourselves. The following scraps from a late British publication will show how indespensibly necessary it is, that the manufacturers of anecdotes *should* lay the scene at a distance.

Legal Refinement.—The coroner's jury having sat a few weeks ago on the body of a young lady in Baltimore, America, who had hung herself in a fit of *Love-phrensy*, brought in their verdict "*Died by the visitation of Cupid.*"

An American Printer has advertised an edition of the Common Prayer Book with this N. B. "The *matrimonial* article in *large type*, for the *use of ladies advanced in years* who may be tempted to enter into that holy state.

The following advertisement is copied from a New-Jersey Journal: "To be sold on the 8th of July one hundred and thirty-one law suits, the property of an eminent lawyer about to retire from business. NOTE—The clients are rich and obstinate.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The PEDESTRIAN's privileges, as a "Younger Brother," will always be freely granted. He is therefore requested to prevail on *his* fair correspondent, to furnish such an history of that young woman's fall, as MODESTY herself would not blush to read.

DRANCER—and A LITTLE FARMER's remarks on the benevolent Miss M—— J——, are received. They will be attended to in due time.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TRANSLATION

Of Dr. Johnson's *Ode from the Isle of Skye to* Mrs. Thrale.

By an American Gentleman.

"Permeo tenas ubi nuda rupis."

Thro' lands abrupt, I roam, and wild,
Where rocks on rocks sublimely pil'd,
In naked grandeur pierce the skies;
Where industry with hopeless toil,
Faints hungry o'er th' ungrateful soil,
And art 'midst sterile Nature dies.

Thro' scenes like these in mazes lost
Of rocks by famine crown'd, and frost,
Ice-cinctur'd hills and misty heath;
'Mid tongues unknown to rule and fame
(That want, for even want's a name)
Dear Thrale thy memory I breathe.

Say at this moment dost thou prove
All cares how light when borne by love,
Or cherish fond thy infant throng;
Or touch'd by literary lore
Dost thou the page of wit explore,
Or ardent wake the classick song?

To friendship's rites serenely true,
Our mind's sweet intercourse pursue—
So, constant to the Hebrid gale
(That rolls the billow-mountain hoar
On Skye's ulterior steepy shore)
I'll sound thy soothing name my Thrale.

Lines written, extempore, during the flight of the inhabitants from New-York; on observing at Haerlem a guide-board with this inscription: "To Hell-gate Ferry."

CHARON's SOLILOQUY.

Doctors and Fever both combine
To aid the business of my line,
And load my wherry;
While, lest the wandering ghosts might stray,
This guide-board kindly points the way
"To Hell-gate Ferry."

Thanks to the *Faculty* demure,
Who *twenty kill* where *one* they *cure*,
And scorn to fly;
They know the *treatment* which *I* prize,
So *physic, sweat, phlebotomize*—
Who would not die!

I'll send this *learned body* word
(Since *they*, too, soon must cross Hell's ford)
For Ferriage, what my rate is:
Here, Mercury, inform the *curs*
They've sent so many customers
Themselves may pass o'er gratis!

Cambridge, Md.

SELECTED POETRY.

TO HER WHO NEVER THINKS OF ME.

When Winter chills the dreary plain,
And binds the flood in chrystal chain,
If chance a transient sun-beam cheer
The heavenly maid I most revere,
How have I wish'd that beam to be
For her who never thinks of me.

When burning Summer's heats arise,
And languid nature drooping lies,
If chance a passing gale might bring
The cooling fragrance of the Spring,
How have I wish'd that gale to be
For her who never thinks of me.

The morning dew that wets the rose,
Its blooming tints more lovely shews;
So on that Angel face appears
The pearly lustre of her tears,
When other's woe she weeps to see;
But oh! she never thinks of me.

The trav'ler on some mountain's side,
Who dreads the dangers yet untried,
Amid the night's bewild'ring noon,
Enraptur'd views the rising moon:
So I rejoice, the form to see
Of her who never thinks of me.

Where'er her mournful footsteps go,
My thoughts attend in silent woe;
When clad in smiles her charms appear,
My ravish'd soul is ever near:
Nought can my vanquish'd fancy see
But her who never thinks of me.

When round the youth in transport gaze,
And love forbids the pow'r of praise:
While she with artless mien beguiles,
And sweetly wounds with fatal smiles,
Her triumphs still I'm fond to see,
Altho' she never thinks of me.

Then go, fair hope! forever go,
Here will I nourish dearest woe;
For sorrow's self can sweets impart,
Sweet ev'ry pang that rends the heart,
And sweet to die 'twill surely be,
For her who never thinks of me.

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